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CONSECRATION AND DEDICATION

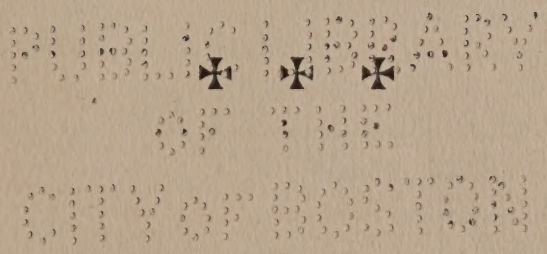
OF THE

BURIAL LOT AT MT. HOPE CEMETERY

PRESENTED BY

SIR KNIGHT JOHN H. COLLAMORE

Wednesday, October 11, 1893



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1894

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Sept. 26, 1903

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PROCEEDINGS.

AT the Stated Conclave of Boston Commandery of Knights Templars, held in Gothic Hall, Masonic Temple, Boston, Wednesday, Dec. 21, 1892, the following communication was read by the Eminent Commander:

510 Columbus Avenue,
Boston, Dec. 7, 1892.

Sir Leonard B. Nichols, *Eminent Commander of Boston Commandery of Knights Templars:*

My Dear Brother and Sir Knight: It is with a great deal of satisfaction and pleasure that I offer for your acceptance, in behalf of Boston Commandery, the enclosed deed of a burial lot in Mt. Hope Cemetery.

A monument has been contracted for to be erected thereon, appropriate and becoming of the honor and good name of our Commandery; the monument is to be erected on the lot in the spring, and will be subject to your will and pleasure for its dedication.

Fraternally yours,
John H. Collamore.

Accompanying this letter was a deed of a lot of land containing two thousand superficial square feet, situated on Walnut Avenue, and numbered 1907 on the plan of Mt. Hope Cemetery.

Eminent Sir JAMES H. UPHAM offered the following motion, which was seconded by Sir CHARLES I. LITCHFIELD and Eminent Sir JAMES M. GLEASON, and was adopted unanimously by a standing vote:

"That the letter be received and spread upon the records, together with a copy of the deed, and that the thanks of the Commandery be extended to Sir JOHN H. COLLAMORE for his munificent gift."

In accordance with the above vote the letter and deed were entered in full on the records of the Conclave of Dec. 21, 1892, and a copy of the resolution, executed in a fine manner and appropriately framed, was presented to Sir Knight COLLAMORE, and was exhibited at the Stated Conclave of the Commandery held March 15, 1893.

It was also voted, on motion of Eminent Sir JAMES M. GLEASON, that the matter of dedicating the lot and monument, and the attendant ceremonies, be left with the Council, with full powers.

The completion of the monument was delayed for various reasons somewhat beyond the time specified by Sir Knight COLLAMORE, and it was in the latter part of September, 1893, before it was finally ready for dedication.

Acting under the authority of the vote of Dec. 21, 1892, the Council, consisting of

Eminent Sir LEONARD B. NICHOLS . . . Commander,
Sir CHARLES I. LITCHFIELD . . . . . Generalissimo,
Sir HENRY H. LITCHFIELD . . . . . Captain General,

made all the arrangements for the dedication and consecration services, which were held on Wednesday, Oct. 11, 1893.

A Special Conclave of the Commandery was opened in Masonic Temple at 1 o'clock P.M., and after the reading of a dispensation from the Rt. Eminent Grand Commander authorizing the Commandery to parade with music and banners, the lines were formed and the following distinguished Fraters received with knightly honors:

Right Eminent Wm. H. H. Soule .	Grand Commander.
Eminent Charles C. Fry	Grand Generalissimo.
Eminent Eugene H. Richards . .	Grand Captain General.
Eminent Rev. P. Voorhees Finch .	Grand Prelate.
Eminent William R. Walker . .	Grand Senior Warden.
Eminent Benjamin W. Rowell . .	Grand Recorder.
Eminent Winthrop Messenger . .	Grand Warder.

Sir James Hill, Generalissimo of St. Omer Commandery, K.T., of South Boston.

Sir Charles E. Draper, Generalissimo, and Sir Edwin S. Davis, Captain General of Joseph Warren Commandery, K.T., of Roxbury.

Sir William G. Smith, Captain General of William Parkman Commandery, K.T., of East Boston.

Eminent Sir George E. Hilton, Commander of Olivet Commandery, K.T., of Lynn.

Sir Charles M. Pear, Generalissimo, and Sir John G. Thorogood, Captain General of Cambridge Commandery, K.T., of Cambridge.

Sir O. C. Ashton, of Toledo Commandery, No. 7, K.T., of Toledo, O.

Sir J. Frank Gammell, Prelate of De Molay Commandery, K.T., of Boston.

Sir Rev. George W. Bicknell, of De Molay Commandery, K.T., of Skowhegan, Me., as Orator of the Day.
Sir John H. Collamore, of Boston Commandery, K.T.

Eminent Sir James M. Gleason, Chief of Staff.

After the reception of the distinguished guests the lines were re-formed, and under the escort of a platoon of police and headed by Carter's Band of thirty pieces, Sir Thomas M. Carter, Leader, marched to the Park Square Station of the New York, New Haven, & Hartford Railroad Company by way of the Boylston-street Mall of the Common.

A special train of four cars conveyed the Commandery and its guests to the Forest Hills Station, where the lines were again formed and the march made to Mt. Hope Cemetery in the following order:

Platoon of Police.
Trustees of Mt. Hope Cemetery in carriages.
Carter's Band, 30 pieces.
Boston Commandery, K.T., 130 Sir Knights, under command of Eminent Sir Leonard B. Nichols, Commander.
Invited guests in carriages.
Ladies in barges.

On arriving at the cemetery the band played the "Dead March in Saul," and the Commandery proceeded to the lot on Walnut Avenue, where chairs had been provided for all.

The lot was handsomely decorated with plants and flowers, and the monument veiled until later in the ceremonies.

The services of consecration were carried out in accordance with the following programme:

1. CHORALE — "Jesu, King of Glory" . . . . *J. Seb. Bach*

CARTER'S BAND, Sir THOMAS M. CARTER, Leader.

2. INVOCATION.

Sir REV. P. VOORHEES FINCH, Eminent Grand Prelate.

3. INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.

Sir LEONARD B. NICHOLS, Eminent Commander.

4. { *a* — SCRIPTURE LESSON.
   { *b* — POEM — written for this occasion by Mrs. Micah Dyer, Jr.

Sir REV. R. PERRY BUSH, Acting Prelate of Boston Commandery.

5. "MASONIC FUNERAL MUSIC" . . . *W. A. Mozart*

BAND.

6. ORATION.

Sir REV. GEORGE W. BICKNELL, D.D.

7. "CRUCIFIX" . . . . . *J. Faure*

BAND.

8. CONSECRATION.

Sir WILLIAM H. H. SOULE, Right Eminent Grand Commander.

9. CONSECRATION PRAYER.

EMINENT GRAND PRELATE.

10. PROCLAMATION.

Sir WINTHROP MESSENGER, Eminent Grand Warder.

11. CHORALE — "A Strong Fortress is our God" . . *Martin Luther*

BAND.

12. LORD'S PRAYER AND BENEDICTION.

EMINENT GRAND PRELATE.

13. POSTLUDE — "Onward! Christian Soldiers." *Arthur S. Sullivan*

BAND.

Just previous to the Consecration by the Right Eminent Grand Commander, the Guards and Assistants removed the covering, and during the service of Consecration stood at "Present" at either end of the monument.

After the Consecration Prayer the band played a response, "The Last Hope," by L. M. Gottschalk.

The above programme was carried out to its most minute detail with complete success, and the beautiful and impressive services, the glorious autumnal afternoon, the presence of so many distinguished guests and ladies, and the large number of Sir Knights in line, all combined to make the occasion one long to be remembered in the history of Boston Commandery.

At the close of the ceremonies the return to the Temple was made over the same route as before.

On arriving at the Asylum the lines were dismissed, the Commandery closed, and all repaired to the Banquet Hall, where a bounteous collation had been prepared, which was thoroughly enjoyed by upwards of two hundred Sir Knights.

After listening to excellent addresses by many of the visiting Fraters, all departed feeling that it had been good for them to have been there.

A cut of the monument, which is of handsome Quincy granite from the yard of McGrath Bros., precedes this memorial.

INVOCATION.

ALMIGHTY GOD, our Heavenly Father, the high and mighty Ruler of the universe, who dost from Thy throne behold all the dwellers upon earth, be with us, we pray Thee, on this occasion, and grant us Thy blessing. Give Thy grace to Thy servants who are about to set apart and consecrate this plot of ground for the sacred purpose of the burial of the dead. Enlighten their minds more and more with the light of the everlasting gospel, graft in their hearts a love of the truth, nourish them with all goodness, and of Thy great mercy keep them in the same. Take us all under the shadow of Thy protection, and direct us in these proceedings with Thy most gracious favor, and further us with Thy continual help, that in all our works begun, continued, and ended in Thee, we may glorify Thy holy name. To Thy service and glory may we consecrate our hearts, having faith in Thee, hope in salvation, and charity to all mankind; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.

SIR KNIGHTS: We have assembled here to-day to consecrate this burial lot, and dedicate this monument to the memory of our fallen and departed.

Surrounded as we are on this beautiful autumnal afternoon by the evidences of the waning season, our eyes resting upon the fading and fallen leaves, we cannot but be impressed with the solemnity of the occasion.

It is not for me, however, to dwell upon the thoughts which are naturally suggested, but rather to introduce the services of dedication and commemoration.

I rejoice with you, however, Sir Knights, that we are in possession of this beautiful plot of ground, where we can place the remains of our departed brothers, and above whose sleeping dust will stand for ages this grand work of art to mark their final resting-place.

We are glad within our hearts for the noble generosity of our beloved brother, Sir Knight JOHN H. COLLAMORE, and we thank him most sincerely for his munificent gift to Boston Commandery.

This monument will be a talisman to coming generations that he lived not alone for self, but for others.

Surely such gifts and acts carry with them their rewards; and may they be rich and abundant upon him whom we delight to honor and to call our brother, and to whom we extend our warmest knightly regards. May his life be long and full of cheer.

We are honored to-day by the presence of the Right Eminent Grand Commander and his suite of distinguished Sir Knights, consisting of officers and past officers of the Grand Commandery. We are also honored by the presence of Eminent Sir Knights from sister Commanderies, to all of whom we extend a most cordial greeting and welcome.

The Right Eminent Grand Commander has kindly consented to perform the rite of Consecration, and most proper is it that it should be done at his hands.

We are also to be assisted in these ceremonies by the Eminent Grand Prelate and Eminent Grand Warder, whose services we shall greatly appreciate.

I am also gratified to announce that a brother Sir Knight, under whose teachings it is my privilege to sit, Rev. Dr. George W. Bicknell, of Cambridge, has accepted the invitation to deliver the Consecration oration upon this occasion.

Sir Knights, I regret to inform you that our beloved Prelate, Eminent Sir James H. Upham, who was expected to be present and take part in these exercises, is confined to his home by a severe illness.

Our hearts will go out to him in love and sympathy,

with an earnest prayer for his speedy and complete recovery.

In his absence, our friend and brother, Sir Knight Rev. R. Perry Bush, who is by no means a stranger to Boston Commandery, and who is always a welcome guest with us, will kindly assume the part of the services assigned to Eminent Sir Upham.

Sir Knights, ladies and friends, in behalf of Boston Commandery of Knights Templars, I extend to you a cordial welcome, and invite your attention to these services.

SCRIPTURE LESSON.

PRAISE ye the Lord. Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord. His seed shall be mighty upon earth. Surely the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.

And Abraham stood up from before his dead, and spake unto the sons of Heth, saying, I am a stranger and a sojourner with you: give me a possession of a burying-place with you, that I may bury my dead out of my sight.

And the children of Heth answered Abraham, saying unto him, Hear us, my lord: thou art a mighty prince among us: in the choice of our sepulchres bury thy dead; none of us shall withhold from thee his sepulchre, but that thou mayest bury thy dead.

And Abraham stood up, and bowed himself to the people of the land, even to the children of Heth. And he communed with them, saying, If it be your mind that I should bury my dead out of my sight, hear me, and entreat for me to Ephron the son of Zohar, that he may give me the cave of Machpelah, which he

hath, which is in the end of his field; for as much money as it is worth he shall give it me for a possession of a burying-place amongst you.

And Ephron answered Abraham, saying unto him, My lord, hearken unto me: the land is worth four hundred shekels of silver; what is that betwixt me and thee? bury therefore thy dead. And Abraham hearkened unto Ephron, and Abraham weighed to Ephron the silver. And the field of Ephron, which was in Machpelah, and all the trees that were in the field, were made sure unto Abraham for a possession in the presence of the children of Heth, before all that went in at the gate of his city.

And Jacob lived in the land of Egypt; and the time drew nigh that Israel must die: and he called his son Joseph, and said unto him, If now I have found grace in thy sight, put, I pray thee, thy hand under my thigh, and deal kindly and truly with me; bury me not, I pray thee, in Egypt: but thou shalt carry me out of Egypt, and bury me with my fathers in their burying-place. And he said, I will do as thou hast said. And he said, Swear unto me. And he sware unto him. And Israel bowed himself upon the bed's head.

When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory: and before him shall be gathered all nations.

Then shall the King say unto them upon his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the king-

dom prepared for you from the foundation of the world:

For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?

And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

We have thought of thy loving-kindness, O God, in the midst of thy temple. According to thy name, O God, so is thy praise unto the ends of the earth: thy right hand is full of righteousness.

Let Mount Zion rejoice, let the daughters of Judah be glad. For this God is our God for ever and ever: he will be our guide even unto death.

POEM.[1]

FOR BOSTON COMMANDERY.

AS we stand on this lovely spot where flowers of autumn blow,
Where the birds still linger singing and flitting to and fro,
There comes to me a story told many years ago
From the mystery and beauty of that shining land of snow.

Up where the eternal winter reigns in the icy north,
A band of earnest seekers, whom pity had sent forth,
Had climbed a lonely peak, covered with ice and snow,
Which lifted its cold head in that dreary land of woe.

Standing above that silent plain with searching, eager gaze,
They found no sign of life in all that gleaming maze.
It was like the land of Death in its silence and its chill,
And desolation stark and grand had crowned that granite hill.

[1] On the 18th of June, 1853, a little brig, bearing the name of the "Advance," anchored in the harbor of St. John's, Newfoundland. She had sailed from New York, was commanded by Dr. Kane, of Philadelphia, and was bound for the North Pole, to search for the lost Sir John Franklin. The members of the Masonic fraternity of St. John's, finding that Commander Kane belonged to the wide-spread brotherhood, gave him a fraternal welcome, entertained him and his officers at a banquet, and presented him with a complimentary address, together with a Masonic flag. This little flag Dr. Kane promised to plant on the North Pole should he ever reach that mysterious locality, and this little blue memento was carried as their banner of hope and faith, on all their perilous excursions, and on one occasion it served to direct Dr. Kane to a party of his men who had lost their way amid the snow-drifts, it being found fluttering from a tent-pole just above the snow.

No sign of that lost brother, living or dead, they found,
The only breathing beings stood on that icy mound.
Sadly they turned to go, when, "Stay," the faithful leader cried,
"Perhaps our wandering brother, in whom all hope has died,
May some day rest his eyes on the hill that we now hold,
And the story of our searchings can thus to him be told."

And driving deep his steel-shod staff upon the very crest,
He drew from o'er his heart, where for months it had found rest,
A small Masonic banner, upon whose field of blue
Glittered the ancient emblems of Brotherhood always true.
It was but the work of a moment, when securely fastened there
It spread its faithful folds in the cold and silent air.

They bowed their heads in prayer to the God in whose firm hand
The issues of life are held in that desolate, distant land,
And turning away from the sentry they had posted in the snow,
They left it to tell the story as the decades come and go.

When on their trail returning, from the distance looking back,
They saw its blue folds shining along their frozen track.
"Your faithful sentinel," it seemed to say, "on the *out-post* of the *world*,
True to its trust will still wave on, till God himself has furled."

And we love to think of it there, still "true to the trust" of years,
In the cold and silent northland, the land of mystic fears,
Holding, where God and the stars alone its record keep,
Its ceaseless testimonial to the truths that never sleep.

Some lone and weary wanderer along life's slippery track,
Seeing cold and still the death-land stretching its icy rack,
And friendless, save for these Brothers who sought him on his way,
Shall seek his peaceful slumber where we consecrate to-day.

In loneliness or poverty, a stranger or at home,
Into his need and helplessness this Brotherhood shall come,
Bringing no obligation, no sense of alms' sad dole,
But Brother aiding Brother, soul answering to soul.

So *we* stand *here* to-day beside *this* granite mound,
Where the emblems of our pity and our helpfulness abound,
Written in stone, as God wrote His covenant of the law,
While the lightning of His presence His "chosen people" saw.

And we *are* a "chosen people," who our lineage can show
Since the white walls of the Temple were building long ago.
With every block of the marble, square and white and true,
As 'twas lifted into the sunlight, was builded our Order too.

And when the Angel appointed, shall read from the golden book
Whose letters of living light are graven by God's look,
There will be found the story of the sentinel posted here,
Bearing the holy emblems of Truth, and Faith, and Cheer.

And the Father shall call to the throngs, in the land where is no night,
Where the Christian Cross, resplendent, is shining by heavenly light,
"*In hoc signo*" thou hast conquered, in every worldly strife,
"And faithful unto death, I will give thee a crown of life."

ORATION.

SIR KNIGHTS AND FRIENDS: We stand to-day upon hallowed ground. All around us are the tokens, the emblems, of love's offering to the memory of dear ones called from the activities and conquests of earth-life, to the rest, peace, and refreshment of the beyond. Trees wave above us their requiems — deep, solemn, monotonous — for the dead; but flowers look up from the bosom of the life which nourishes them, and in subdued tones, mingling with the breathing of angels, seem to proclaim again the revelation of old, — for the human soul, there is no death.

Whatever may have been the thought regarding spiritual or continued existence, from time immemorial, in various ways, the mantle that has shielded the soul in its labors on earth, — the structure so curiously and wonderfully formed, in which man has lived, — as it has ceased its usefulness, and received the decree, "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou must return," and so has fallen to earth, has been lovingly and tenderly cared for, usually in accordance with the highest dictates of love and affection. Actuated by the richest impulses of souls moving amid the tenderest conditions

of life, when they are stirred and softened as nothing but the visitation of God's messenger in its dark robes can stir, though it may be in reality clad in beautiful white, with blessings to be bestowed upon those whom the Infinite has seen fit to call up higher, hundreds of forms have been laid in this beautiful tabernacle of the dead by those to whom life on earth has still been permitted; while stone and marble, monument and tomb, have been erected to tell the passer-by the name of the inhabitant of the silent chamber, and as a tribute of love from those who knew and cherished the departed. It is well. Every thought given to the change through which mortality passes; every act which vitalizes our love more strongly for those passed on, and who, maybe, are at times hovering around us, and may know of that love; every sacrifice which is the outgrowth of a richer and tenderer feeling than usually actuates men in the excitement and whirl of the world; every desire of the living to render the home of mortal more beautiful, it being the portal to the home of the immortal, and seems to connect the earthly with the spiritual, a spot where the sweetest communion possible to the human soul may be held; every meditation which reveals to us that we are candidates for higher degrees than we have yet received, — every one of these seems to quicken the deeper and better emotions within the soul, and to evolve the more manly, the truer, finer impulses and aspirations of our affectionate and spiritual natures.

If we were to contemplate the material form only, in which man dwells; to reflect upon its marvellousness: that in the movement of the most insignificant part

there is mystery, yet purpose, perfect adaptation, skill, ingenuity far beyond the profoundest understanding of man; and from this consider the whole, what it has done, can do, may do; the wonderful tabernacle of thought, that only a God could have fashioned it; and then meditate that it is the agent of so much light and beauty, helpfulness and cheer, in the world; that through it came and comes so much of happiness to men and women in its association; look at it in itself as the promoter of powers, achievements, glories, victories, affections, blessings, human advancement and sacrifice for human good — the agent of God in his work with the world; when the body falls, even *that* would be worthy of human devotion as manifested in the works that loving hands have reared and mourning hearts have consecrated in this holy spot dedicated to life's fondest memories, and baptized in the rich, pure waters ebbing from the overflowing fountains of saddened, weeping souls.

Some have said that were this existence all there was of life: that when we lay one away in the dust, that was all, that was the end, no life, no activity, nothing beyond the vale, that it would have been better not to have been born; that this spot would only stimulate the saddest thoughts and reflections possible; and that when what we call death came into our homes, the soul might well be prostrated in the deepest grief and despair. Oh, no! To have breathed; to have lived among men; to have been the recipients of God's rich blessing, life, — even though but for a brief season; to have been of earth, doing something, achieving something, climbing the heights of knowledge; to have

touched and used earth's treasures; to have exerted an influence, helpful it may have been in a burden-bearing world; to have cheered brothers, sisters, on their way; to have felt the touch of love, and in turn touched hearts weary, hearts homesick, hearts yearning, with the finger of interest and sympathy, and enabled them, aroused, to see light where once there were only deep clouds; to sing, where once they gave forth only soul-sighs; to bless, where once they felt to curse, because of poverty's pinch or the cruel burden's crush; to have lived in homes sweet and lovely, in friendship strong and helpful, in citizenship noble and manly, so that in one of the holiest spots of earth the lasting token of love may be reared, reflecting in the act an appreciation from living hearts and lives, — is worth living, is worth every struggle, every defeat, every effort, and the price of every victory. To be exalted in memory; to speak though one be dead, by the life which has past; to pass before the recollection of others as a true, grand man (and all can be this who will), or as a pure, beautiful-souled woman; to be absent, and yet present by a thousand pleasant memories, and to leave precious impressions upon associations, — though there were nothing beyond this present existence, even this would be worthy of life for man, and of God as a gift to the world.

Yet to our knowledge, more than this was to be, has been, and is revealed. Centuries ago the gates opened. Resplendent in all the glory of the Divine messenger, with an authority (though sometimes questioned by scepticism or a perverted intellectual culture) exceeding every human effort to set aside, the Christ came!

Worthy of His advent was the Te Deum of angels; worthy His mission to be chanted in the skies. Anxiously had the question been asked all through the ages, "If a man die, shall he live again?" It burst forth from millions of lips. It rent the solemn stillness as mourning ones stood by the tomb's cold entrance, or by the flower-lined grave. It winged its way from storm-torn souls out into the dark shadows which no eye could penetrate, as on the earth-shore, by the deep, wide, rolling river, hidden by the fog, the afflicted stood and waved the last farewell to the departed, or, maybe, with a trembling hope, spoke the sweeter word, "Good-by;" but there came back never a token or an answer. And men bowed, and men wept. Hope's comforting voice was feeble. Faith's vision was clouded. Confidence pointed no finger above. And if a ray of light now and then shot across men's minds, cold doubt — cruel uncertainty — swept a deep cloud quickly over them, and all was dark, and gloomy, and sad again.

Welcome, then, the Messenger who could lift the drooping head; whose silvery voice was attuned to the harmonies of heaven, and whose cadences carried comfort and sweet consolation to the bowed and the weeping; who filled the sanctuary of the soul with trust; who gave light and vision to Faith, and enabled the stricken child to rest in the serenest confidence in the arms of a Father whose love can only be measured by the mighty extent of His spiritual universe. The message came; not some phantasma of mere speculation; not a decree from that tomb, generally speaking, of spiritual impulses and aspirations, the theological

seminary; not a message which made discordant the music of the soul: but it came from the very throne of the Infinite Fatherhood and Motherhood, inspiring a sweeter tone than ever before; and as it was and has been received, so beautifully has it harmonized with the soul's desire and want, that even though there are given us no details pertaining to immortality, — where we live, how we live, or the character of our labors, conditions, or opportunities, — yet the fact which seemed sufficient to God to reveal has been made known, that man doth not die; that the sting has been taken away from death, and the grave has been swallowed up in victory, — the victory which we may not behold here, but there; not with eyes which would not enable us to perceive its nature and extent, but with spiritual eyes, which will permit us to behold something of its glory and grandeur; and man bows in thanksgiving and praise, willing to wait for the richer secrets of the eternal realm.

Hear the words: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. I will come to you; because I live, ye shall live also." Dost thou live, O Master? Down through the centuries has rung thy proclamation. It is as mighty in influence, as inspiring in hope, as when first it leaped from thy lips! Thy words live. Friends, go with me back through the centuries that have passed, to the Christian birth, and "Behold the man," nay, the Divine man, walking on earth, living in heaven! No man spoke as he spoke. He reached out his hand and nature obeyed the movement. Impossible? Say ye *impossible*, in the light of the nine-

teenth century, when you observe what man is doing to-day, and which, in some measure, is only a demonstration, a nearer approach to the truth which *he* expounded, that as men grow and enter into the kingdom, even greater works than he did then, they might do? Disease, suffering, death, even, fled before his presence. The earth hove its bosom in agony as the holy being, whose only crime was doing good, died upon the cross. Then the grandest revelation of truth was to be made known to the world. Mystery may envelop much. It did. It does. Yet what care we, in the light of the tremendous fact, whether explanations can be made or not regarding the resurrection. A breath of heaven swept all horrors away. Weeping ones sought the sepulchre wherein he had been laid by loving, tender hands. What beams upon the vision? Not there? No. Blow ever so fiercely, ye blasts of death, he is not there. Robed in white sits an angel. A flood light, such as only glows in the realms which our visions cannot penetrate, surrounds the living messenger from angel realms. What words are those? Can *human* ears listen to them? Ay, God breathes them through a child of light. "He is not here, for he hath risen." Incomprehensible, yet true! Now in yonder room, now in the association of the faithful disciples recovered from their fright and dire disappointment, now on the highway with sweet words of comfort and instruction, appears the person of Jesus. How he came I do not know. I simply believe he came. His words, his assurances, were true. He broke the bonds of death. He lived even as he said he would; he stood a conqueror, and the real man shall not die.

Christ lived, and lives. The light streams in upon us. The once dread antagonist of man has fallen. It is dark no longer to the real believer. The "covered bridge" between the unreal here and the real beyond glows with brightness. We see it not all at once. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." Triumphant Christ, thou hast filled the world with thy glory, and we bow in solemn, reverent, loving thanksgiving before the grand revelation.

This is the Christian, the soul, gospel. It may not be the theology of books, but it is the God-theology one hears in affliction; and to men and women mourning, to all who rear the tablet to the memory of dear ones from whom they are parted on earth, but to whom they believe they will be reunited in the summer-land of immortality, it is inestimably precious.

Enter within the realms of your own soul-beings, my friends and Sir Knights; command the assembling of your own secret hopes and beliefs around the altars of your hearts; absorb yourselves into communion with the bright and pure influences by which you are surrounded, and above every din and turmoil, the assurances of life continuity will sound in your ears. Too much the material has been regarded. The intellectual, grand and noble as it is, has been brought forward to sit in final judgment upon what it cannot comprehend. It has sought to reason and demonstrate; and because it could not see, or touch, or analyze, in too many cases, like Thomas of old, it would not believe. From premises, human stated, it

has reached conclusions from which the whole being timidly revolts. Timidly, I said; yes, because it has not been permitted strength. The soul, which is *really* the man, has been kept back. The spiritual, which ought to be cultivated as much on earth as anywhere else, has been crushed and dwarfed, and not allowed the exercise of its power. Oh! when will men *know* that man is not merely flesh and bone; that these are only the agents of the higher man; that they do not think, and act, and love; but that *soul* is man — soul is immortal — soul is the child of God. Upon every page of human existence and experience the Infinite is writing the gospel which the soul should learn and master. In the soul-life is the true existence. It commences here. It reaches beyond. Not a nation, or a tribe of which we have any knowledge, that does not instinctively look above; that does not have faint glimmers, at least, of a future, or that does not believe in something beyond the present. Authority may not have been given to them in the same measure that it has been given to the Christian; yet the belief is God's universal voice speaking to His children; and that voice will not be hushed. And even though one seeks to be deaf, and sneers at what is sometimes termed a fanciful ideal, yet when the storm of affliction sweeps over and through his frame, and he stands tearful and almost helpless at the grave, the day-star of hope shines in upon him; and while, in spite of all his efforts, his soul whispers, "I believe," the angels of truth, moved by the Divine Spirit, part his lips, and he cries out, "Lord, help thou mine unbelief."

It is with something of this thought in mind, filling

and swaying our souls, that we are assembled here to-day to consecrate this beautiful spot as the last resting-place for all that is mortal of those who may be placed here. An honored brother, a valiant Sir Knight, upon whom God's blessing has fallen, possessing means, but, above all, a heart with which to use them, desirous of manifesting his love and esteem for his knightly associates in providing a suitable place where any member of the Order, who may express such a desire, may finally be placed at rest; one whose soul delights in good deeds, as have before been made manifest, not for notoriety, not for world praise, but because he is moved with grand impulses; and who, besides the rewards which his own conscience and act will give him, receives the thanks, deeper and richer than words can express, of every Knight and man here assembled, — has given this valuable plot of ground to and for the use of Boston Commandery, and erected this fine work of art as a token, not only of his own esteem, but to express the esteem of all who shall know or reverence the memory of the departed. It is a noble act. It is a magnificent gift. Well may his name be perpetuated with the gift. Not on *one* day only shall we praise and thank the generous donor, but all through the coming years. When our eyes rest upon it, or our minds revert to it, or we assemble here to deposit in some newly made grave our evergreen emblems of a belief in the immortality of a dear brother, summoned to live and to labor in the temple not made with hands, our thanksgiving will be renewed each time, that the thoughtfulness and generosity of our brother made it possible to do so much for the departed, whether rich

or poor; and that we possess such a beautiful niche in Nature's sacred temple for the dead.

And so through his heart kindness we are enabled to consecrate this spot with the most solemn of Masonic rites. We consecrate it with our loves and hearts. We consecrate it to the memory of those Sir Knights who have labored and toiled and fought amid the experiences of life, but whose swords are bent and broken, whose armor has fallen, and who, heroically stepping over the apparent precipice of life, yet actually *forward* upon the firm foundations of the eternal, are with us in earth-form no more. We consecrate it, even as it is, as an offering of love. We consecrate it unto the affections which are manifested now. We consecrate it as the receptacle of the precious dust of man, as the grand close of earth's journey, as the spot where the throes of the second birth are commemorated, as the portal to the entrance of the vale through which one passes from darkness into the light, as the spot where we utter our last farewell or breathe to dear ones our last good-night, and through which we too must pass, that, amid the glories of the spiritual creation, amid the beams of the new day, in the new life which may open upon our soul vision when we are called, we may, as we are duly and truly prepared, in rapture and bliss, in the sweetness of reunion, greet our loved and departed, though then with us reunited, ones, with the smile of Heaven resting upon them, and also cheering our lips, as we bid them, knowing its brightness shall not pass away, a joyful "good-morning."

Sir Knights: in a brief space of time we shall turn from this quiet sacred earth-shore to mingle again with

the world, to enter its activities, its whirls and excitements. The thoughts and reflections of this hour may have given birth to some new resolution which may influence us for good in the future. Shall it be lost? Nay, nothing is really lost; but the more we cherish it, the more precious it becomes.

How go we? As Templars you have been brought into touch with many of the higher ideals and principles of life. You have raised above your heads the Cross,—emblem of human interest, of sacrifice, of brotherly love and victory. Once it led men, in wild religious enthusiasm, on to deeds of valor, through seas of blood, to seek a triumph amid carnage and desolation. It signified joy, but it was everywhere accompanied with woe. It was the emblem of the advancement of the battalions of *might*. Unquestionably, those men acted from their highest convictions of duty. I do not censure; I only pity them. I pity the world that it had, and, sad to say, it has to-day, such a poor understanding of the spirit and nature of the Cross. It is not a sign of revenge. It rises above the human, and even blesses a world when a Jesus hangs upon it. It is the sign of human interest, I repeat. The spirit of human interest will conquer. Under its inspirations, in one respect, a duty calls upon you to draw your swords and move on in martial array to protect men from the pitfalls in life's journey, to battle, even in their strongest positions, sin and evil, to overcome every antagonist to man; and in this, the Cross, supported by the spirits of Christ, of angels, and of God, will lead; but when the warfare is over, and the Cross is covered with the smiling flowers of bravery, courage, fidelity, honor, manhood, which

your victories bring to you, if for a brief season you rest, even then your duty will not be wholly done. Raise it once more before you. Into abodes of suffering and poverty; into soul-sanctuaries of weeping and sorrow; into the fields where men and brothers lie faint, and weary, and discouraged; into the by-ways where sighs come forth, and the terrors which intimidate by day, and bind and crush by night, hold sway; into hospitals where pain and suffering lay heavy hands upon some who may have knelt at the same altar with you; into prisons even, where some lost one may be regained again; into the holy of holies of woman's dark affliction as the hand of death wrests from her love the strong arm of support; into every place where Christ went, where angels would lead, where God commands, where helpfulness, sympathy, kindness, and manhood are needed, — take the Cross, follow its lead, joyfully take up the work which it demands; and though in person one cannot always go, yet send that Cross with such a retinue of help, means, and support as God in His goodness has given you ability; and besides the grand work which will be accomplished, His blessing in a tenfold measure will rest upon you.

It is beautiful to wrap the casket containing the loved form in flowers and evergreen vines, symbolical of our esteem, affection, and love; to strew the grave with the loveliest nature gives, or which angels breathe into life; but, oh! more beautiful, more of heaven, more of true love, is it to form wreaths of kind acts, of inspiring words, of the little things we can do *now* to make one happy, and to lay *them* upon *living* hearts and in *living* hands, to cheer them on their way.

By the sign of the Cross, pointing with Love's finger to the Infinite, man must conquer. With that and by that there can be no defeat, no failure. The artillery of opposition may roar and thunder; the infantry and cavalry of wrong and evil may skirmish, and battle, and charge; the fiends of woe may sweep down upon the defenders of righteousness; but with the Cross raised before the lines of true Knights, with the watch-words, Love to God and Love to humanity, awaiting the command, yet moving when the Leader shall sound the bugle-call for the advance, like an avalanche those lines will sweep down and over every opposition, and, gaining the enemy's breastworks, plant the emblem of victory upon every one of them. Then shall come peace. Earth and heaven will rejoice. Souls will be depressed no more, but filled with gladsomeness as the Te Deum of praise from angel choirs shall ascend to the Great Architect and Ruler of the universe, for the triumph of that mighty principle, expounded in the Temple of All Wisdom, "Good will to men." And more, that nobility and manhood have won; that the sword has been broken into a ploughshare; and that the Cross is triumphant, not only on earth, but over death and the grave, and rules, with all of its beauty and attractiveness, in the life immortal and eternal.

CONSECRATION.

EMINENT COMMANDER AND SIR KNIGHTS OF BOSTON COMMANDERY: The occasion which calls us together at this time is of a most impressive and interesting character, and your presence here is but a fitting recognition of the value of the principles of an Order in which brotherly love and charity stand pre-eminent.

The presentation of this beautiful burial-lot by our devoted and worthy Sir Knight most clearly emphasizes that true spirit of love and kindly charity that has found its expression in the rendering of this loving service to his brother Sir Knights. May the richer blessings of life be multiplied to him in the years that follow.

The thoughts which have been given us at this time fill these consecration services with peculiar interest and significance, forcibly reminding us of that mysterious change which comes as silently and quietly as the shadows of evening settle upon the hills, but which means for us the opening of the portal to a higher sphere of usefulness, larger opportunities, richer rewards.

It is not with the assumption of imparting sanctity by a form of words that we are about to consecrate this place of Templar burial, and dedicate the beautiful monument here erected. All that shall be brought hither will be of the earth, earthy; but the body thus consigned to its appointed resting-place will claim tender respect as the tabernacle of an immortal soul. By its uses and associations this place of burial henceforth becomes holy ground. May it be held sacred to its designed purposes; and may the monument here erected be an abiding reminder of the lamented dead, and a cherished sign of immortal life and blessedness assured through Christ our Lord.

Thus do I set apart and consecrate this plot as a place of Templar burial, and dedicate the monument here erected to the ministry of a tender remembrance and an abiding hope.

PRAYER OF CONSECRATION.

IN the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, we set apart and consecrate this place for the burial of the Knightly dead, most earnestly beseeching Almighty God that it may be precious in His sight, and forever reverenced and hallowed in the affections of mankind; that all who would desecrate and profane it, may be driven herefrom by the invisible guardians and protectors of the ashes of the dead; that all who shall here be gathered to their home in the grave, may rest in peace and safety; that their sleep may be sweet; that their sepulchres may be perfumed with all the blessings of that body of Emmanuel, once buried, but now risen and ascended, and by which the very earth itself has been changed and transformed from its vileness, into a cemetery for the faithful departed; that the prayers and cries of the souls under the Altar, "O Lord, how long, holy and true," may ere long be heard, and the time accomplished when all that are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and shall come forth; and when we, with all those departed who have built abiding characters upon the

foundation of the Christian religion, and the practice of the Christian virtues, shall have our perfect consummation and bliss in body and soul, in God's eternal and everlasting glory; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

PROCLAMATION.

HEAR ye! Hear ye!! Hear ye!!! Valiant Knights of the Temple: In the name of the Right Eminent Grand Commander of the Grand Commandery of Knights Templars of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, I hereby proclaim this Templar burial-plot to be set apart to its designed uses, and this monument duly dedicated, in accordance with the Reverence and the Faith that characterizes this Christian Order of Knighthood.

This proclamation is made

To the north: (one blast of trumpet)
To the south: (two blasts of trumpet)
To the east: (three blasts of trumpet)
To the west: (four blasts of trumpet)

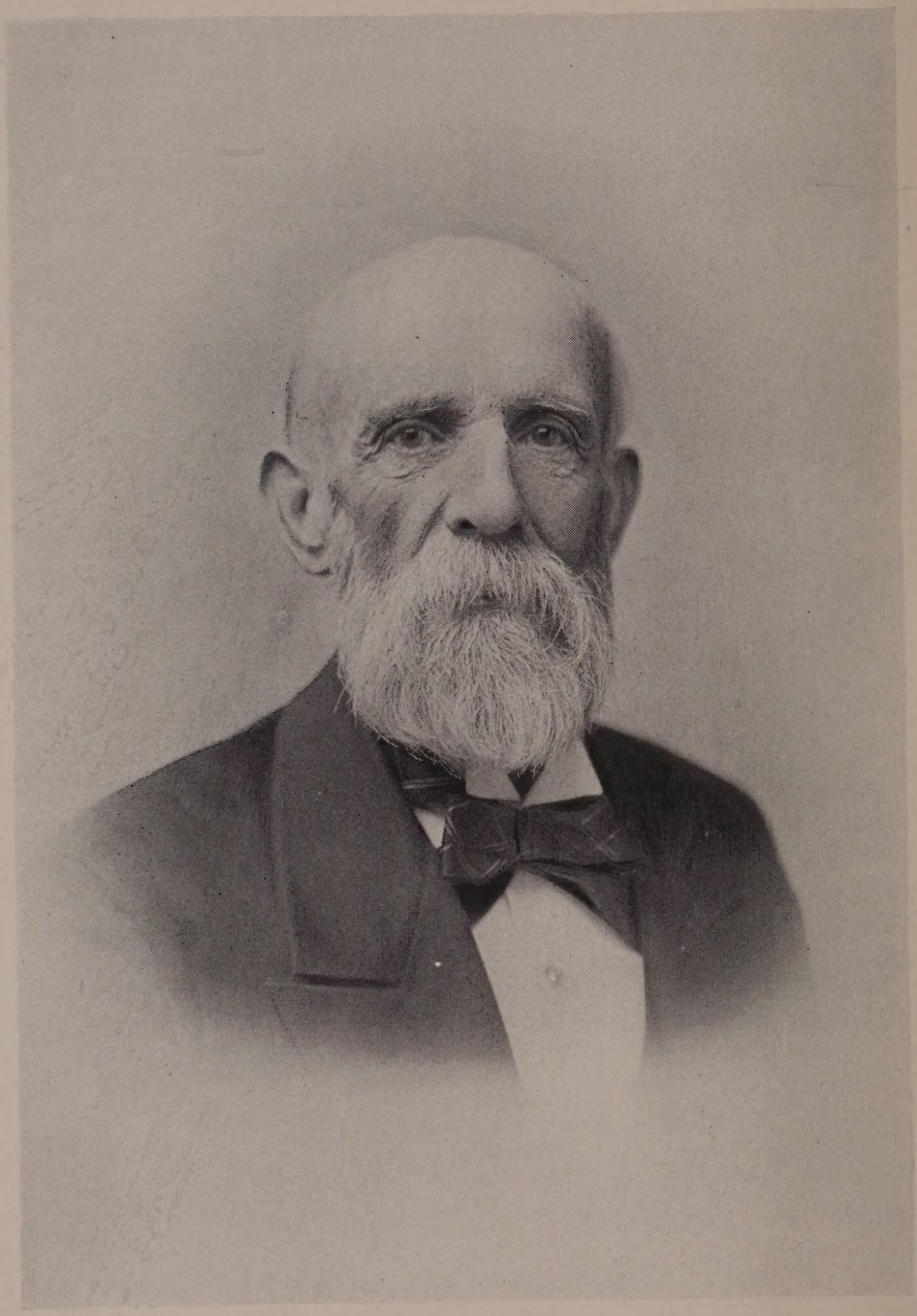
Accordingly, let it be observed.

CLOSING PRAYER.

OUR Father, who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

BENEDICTION.

THE peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord: And the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be amongst you, and remain with you always. Amen.



John H. Collamore.

JOHN HOFFMAN COLLAMORE, 33°.

THERE are few things in human life more beautiful than the manifestations of generous impulses, reflecting a noble, manly character. In a world where there is so much of the selfish; where so many are struggling for fortune, or are hoarding wealth for their own aggrandizement; where the many opportunities to rejoice other hearts in the bestowal of helpfulness by those able to do, and yet who, if they possess the spirit, repress and imprison it, are allowed to pass by unnoticed and unheeded; that when one, moved by the spirit of interest in and love for brother men, shows a forgetfulness of self, and would by kind deeds make others happy, the act cannot be hidden, even though the desire is "not to let the right hand know what the left hand doeth;" and the man wins praise and approbation from associates, even though he shrinks from their publicity. Every act which magnifies life, making it richer in human eyes; which makes the dark sky a little lighter; which causes one to exclaim, "There are, after all, some things which make life worth living," — reflects glory upon the one who performs it, and aids all who may come to a knowledge

of it, or under its influence. So it is proper to speak of it. *Staying* on earth for self, is animal. Deeds which are inspired by a desire to contribute unto others' enjoyment or welfare are manly. They minister unto the *living* on earth. We rejoice in the prosperity of those who can and are willing to do. Their lives brighten earth. And while they rejoice other hearts, their own become refreshed and blessed; for it oftentimes happens that when men throw open the windows of their grander natures, that some messenger may go forth therefrom on an errand of kindness and love, they do the very thing which enables a sunbeam, warm and beautiful from God's love surroundings, to enter within their own soul-sanctuary to cheer and to bless.

One cannot repress such thoughts as these, especially in Masonic circles, when the name of Sir Knight John Hoffman Collamore is spoken. Modest and unassuming, even retiring, he has by his spontaneous and unheralded deeds contributed greatly unto the welfare of the Orders which he has honored by his association. Blessed with a competence, he has sought ways in which he might benefit others; of his bounty, he has, among many other things, given liberally in providing final resting-places in beautiful homes of the dead, especially for those who, through various reasons, might not provide for themselves. He has not only put money into noble Masonic objects, but he has put his heart-love there, — not for praise, not for ostentation, but because his manly impulses prompted him to do so. So hearty has been his work, that he keeps it constantly alive; and there are hundreds to-day to rise

up and thank him with all the earnestness of their hearts for his thoughtfulness and helpfulness. Who can estimate the benign and far-extending influence of this one man, who makes the principles of Masonry not agents for ostentation, but for great and permanent good for humanity?

Bro. COLLAMORE is a Bostonian by birth, descending from an ancestry honored and esteemed in olden Boston. His father was a very prominent man in mercantile affairs. His grandfather, John Hoffman, Esquire, was a member of one of the first families. For those days, the young man's opportunities for an education were excellent; and we may believe that he profited from them as well as the average boy. After his school days, the last of which were spent at the Chauncy Hall School, he entered upon an apprenticeship for business in the counting-room of a Mr. Winchester, on South Market Street, Boston. But the quiet, monotonous life which he led there was not congenial to his spirit. The sea attracted him; and bending to a strong impulse to see new things, we find him, after a while, among the first to volunteer to go with Mr. R. B. Forbes in the sloop-of-war "Jamestown" at the time she went on her errand of mercy to the starving Irish.

A new life now opened up before him, the life of a tramp, not of the modern type, however, but one upon which hundreds of educated men, even in these days, would like to enter, if they possessed the pecuniary means and physical powers of endurance which were his. For nearly twenty years he was absent from home, travelling over the plains, hills, and mountains,

and through the towns and cities of a greater part of Europe, making the most of his journeys on foot. This was before the season of railroads; and the *tramp locomotion* was preferable to any other. What details of the grandeur and beauty of the Old Country must have come under his observation! What a mass of interesting and instructive material must be stored in his memory! What broadness of view and thought must have resulted from those years of the grandest liberal study! Not only scenes of peace were presented to his gaze, but he was an eye-witness to some of the darker pictures of nations' experiences. To observe, as he was able to do, through the most distinguished influence of the French government, being permitted to accompany the French army during the Franco-Austro-Italian war, such terrific engagements as those of Solferino, Magenta, and others, was an opportunity afforded to very few.

His love for the water was given a rich satisfaction in the long canoeing trips which he made on some of the rivers of Europe; notably traversing the length of the Seine and Rhône.

Europe losing its charms, he next visited and made extensive journeys in South America. Then Mexico, and the West Indies, and the far-away Sandwich Islands found him an ardent student of their geography, and the manners and customs of the people. Believing also in a thorough knowledge of one's own country, he made long journeys in the United States. There is scarcely a State or Territory which he has not visited. Possessed with an excellent memory, he recalls numerous incidents of his extensive travels, with

great pleasure to himself, and with profit and interest to the listener.

Finally, as age became more perceptible to him, he concluded that home was the most desirable place; and so, completing his travels, he returned to and settled in Boston, where he could personally supervise his financial interests. Here he finds great enjoyment in his beautiful home on Columbus Avenue, filled as it is with rare works of art and valuable mementos of travel. His age is green, peaceful, and delightful.

A few years ago his attention was turned towards Masonry. Becoming a Master Mason in January, 1890, his interest was greatly quickened; and he has given to the Order and its principles the same enthusiasm and devotion which have characterized him in other relations of life which have attracted him. He saw beneath all form or ostentation grand principles for living. He discerned the rich truth underlying all. Rapidly he progressed through the various degrees, being made a Royal Arch Mason in St. Andrew's R.A. Chapter, April 2, 1890; and was created a Knight Templar in Boston Commandery, K.T., June 18, 1890. The degree of Royal and Select Master was conferred upon him in Boston Council, R. and S.M., June 19, 1890. He received the Ineffable Grades in Lafayette Lodge of Perfection, Boston, Feb. 7, 1890; the Ancient Traditional Grades in Giles F. Yates Council of P. of J., Boston, Feb. 14, 1890; the Philosophical and Doctrinal Grades in Mount Olivet Chapter Rose-Croix, Boston, Feb. 21, 1890; and the Modern Historical and Chivalric Grades in the Massachusetts Consistory, S.P.R.S., 32d degree, Boston, April 25,

1890. He was also elected to the Honorary Grade of Sovereign Grand Inspector-General, 33d degree, by the Supreme Council of the Northern Masonic Jurisdiction of the United States, held at Providence, R.I., in September, 1892. The Order of the Royal Order of Scotland was conferred upon him at Chicago, Ill., Sept. 18, 1893, receiving his 33d degree upon the 19th. As a mark of the high esteem with which he is held in Boston Commandery, K.T., he was elected to Honorary Membership in that body on Oct. 18, 1893. Several other Masonic bodies have conferred the same honor upon him.

We have alluded to his gifts to the Order in a general way. We should do injustice to our sketch if we did not specify the princely donation of a burial lot, together with a massive sarcophagus erected thereon, to Olivet Commandery, K.T., of Lynn, Mass. Closely following this was the presentation of a similar costly lot, with an elaborate monument thereon, in Mt. Hope Cemetery, Boston, to Boston Commandery, K.T. The Scottish Rite Bodies in the valley of Boston have received a similar donation, equally as expensive and elaborate. A modest inscription upon each bears the name of the donor.

Two of these lots and monuments have already been dedicated with the solemn rites and Masonic impressiveness which the occasions demanded. Large numbers of Knights and friends assembled upon each occasion; while Grand and Prominent Officers of the Order participated in the services. The dedicatory orations were delivered at Lynn by Rev. Sir Henry W. Rugg, D.D., of Providence, R. I., and at Mount

Hope by Rev. Sir GEORGE W. BICKNELL, D.D., of Cambridge, Mass.

No more costly or richer paraphernalia than that donated by Bro. COLLAMORE to Lafayette Lodge of Perfection can be found in this country. Numerous other Masonic bodies have been the recipients through his generosity of valuable equipments necessary for their labor and refreshment.

What like music can inspire any gathering, either of Knights or individuals, having in view the welfare and advancement of humanity? Bro. COLLAMORE was not insensible to this fact when he presented Joseph Warren Commandery, K.T., of Roxbury, with one of Bro. George S. Hutchings' magnificent organs; one of the finest musical instruments which grace any Masonic hall in this country.

By this and other means Bro. COLLAMORE has greatly endeared himself to all who know him, or may have heard of him; not because of their value or usefulness alone, but by the spirit of thoughtfulness, brotherly interest, and consecration to the nobler, behind all his acts; and not least, by the unassuming modesty which characterizes his every benevolence. May his future years be rich and glorious in all which contributes unto peaceful manhood. We honor him to-day because he is worthy of honor. His memory will always be bright in the hearts of all who have been brought into touch with his soul-nature. We thank Heaven for the gift of such lives.

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